

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

MISTRESS

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THE
MISTRESS
OF
MAKE-UP

ADULTS ONLY

MISTRESS

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

IN THIS ISSUE



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An exclusive, first-hand look at Hollywood's most amazing transformation

MISTRESS OF MAD MAKEUP



The setting was the annual Artists and Models Ball in Hollywood, the mood was madness, and the costumes were the wildest, most imaginative apparel (or lack of it) ever devised by man. This exclusive photo story, shot especially for this publication, takes you behind the scenes for a rare look at a lovely young girl being made up in preparation for the big Ball. Our subject is well-endowed Sue Langton, and her costume was the brainchild of the photographer.

The makeup job is ingenious, as you can readily perceive, but then he had some great raw material to work with. Sue, a figure model of no little repute, was a little reluctant at first to go along with the gag. She had no inhibitions about appearing in the altogether in front of hundreds of discerning males (after all, her lush curves had been viewed by millions of eyes), but she balked a bit at the makeup and other accompanying gadgetry. She was afraid that such bizarre frills would distort her lush proportions, and, as a consequence, damage her reputation. But, as we said, she went along with it. And she wasn't sorry.







The makeup man, well known in the Hollywood film citadels, first began by applying a small amount of body makeup as a base for what was to come. Then, beginning at the top and working southward, he launched the arduous task of turning pretty Sue into something entirely different. When it came to the eyes (the painted-on eyes, that is) he used a great deal of care, for he was working in a sensitive area. During this procedure, Sue giggled





and squirmed until the makeup man told her to think of something far away and delicious. She apparently did, for a wistful smile crossed her face, quickly followed by a smug, satisfied look.

Then the makeup man headed farther southward, applying his magic with quick, deft strokes of his brush. Soon his creation began to take form. Sue, growing impatient with the long time it was taking for the transformation, closed her eyes and her mind drifted off to some never-never land. The makeup man, intrigued by what must have been some fascinating thoughts in this young lady's head, stopped long enough to ask her what she was thinking. "Tell you what," she smiled. "When you're finished with this job, and the Ball is over, we'll talk about it over something tall and cold."



The makeup man was visibly shaken by this offer, but managed to continue his work. At last he was finished, and as he stood back to admire his creation, Sue gasped. She looked down and saw that she had been transformed into something that she couldn't believe was her—or part of her. She wondered aloud if people would laugh, or cry, or just what their reaction would be.







She needn't have worried, for the story had a happy ending. The competition was stiff at the Ball, and there were many other wild costumes on other well-endowed young ladies. But when Sue made her grand entrance, a hush fell over the crowd and over the judges. One man in the audience stood up and started howling like a dog.

But it was obvious from the start who the winner would be. Sue made one pass in front of the judges, and they nodded in unanimous agreement. Sue won First Prize — hands down.



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On the doorstep of Paradise,
he suddenly realized what he had to do

A PLACE FOR **LOVERS**

By Jim Jontelle

The men milled around outside the Ministry of Controlled Copulation, each pair of blank eyes staring vacantly, deadily into space and through one another, looking but not seeing. This was routine, a segment of the empty regimentation that governed the unthinking multitudes.

Darnell waited his turn patiently in line and breathed a long sigh of relief that his time was almost there. Deep in the hollows of his grey-blue eyes, beneath the handsomely rugged features, kindled a spark of life, yet barely noticeable to distinguish him from the sea of dead, listless and resigned faces.

He shifted his weight from his right foot to his left and licked his lips as he faced the stern, green-eyed captain.

"Your ration card, puleeze," came the monotone as the captain extended his hand toward Darnell. While he scrutinized the picture microfilm he asked the good-looking blond man towering over him the question Darnell had heard so much, too much, so that he

felt like a number classification more than he did a person. "Number, pulceze," boomed the offensive, yet bored voice.

Darnell allowed an audible sigh to escape his lips before he could catch himself. The captain quickly looked up, his face a mask of horror. Before the younger man could say a word, the captain hollered, "PO 554a, though it should be needless to mention, frowns upon public displays of emotion. I needn't recite the entire code outlay to you, I'm shure," he berated, in that same monotone that drove Darnell silently mad. "Number, pulceze," the captain concluded indignantly.

"Singmale 88437," Darnell rasped, his face coloring and thoughts clouding at the same time.

"Pass through," the older man waved him on, without looking up. But as Darnell slipped by quietly, he was stopped by a warning from that unmistakable voice. "And don't forget that you have no more than half hour to perform. In the future, be so ki-nd as to familiarize yourself with the infertility regulations, si-ir," the captain belated.

Darnell entered the preliminary corridor of the Ministry, his hands clutched anxiously together. He headed toward the air-lift, all the while cursing the pot-bellied, over-ratoned captain under his breath, and jabbing the suction buzzer angrily. A tiny buzzer sounded and in a split second, Darnell was watching the lift swoop down on his floor. He entered the vacuum and slid his card into the slot that photographed the 46th floor. His mind turned to Mia-Yvette, and his thoughts softened while the lift whirled him through space to his destination. A smile toyed on his lips as he occupied himself with thoughts of her voluptuous beauty, thoughts that he recognized distantly were soon to become a reality.

Darnell started to leave the lift when a man was hurled inside the elevator against him with full force by the two orange-boys, who followed him inside. The orange-boys winked and laughed to one another while they began trunch-eoning their effeminate captive.

"But I told you, I missed my turn the other day, and it just isn't fair, it just isn't fair. Owv," the slender man with the pointed chin screeched. Darnell watched him for a second while he whined and screeched, then looked at all three of the men in disgust. He ducked out of their way and braced himself in an elevator corner. Being a fighter by nature, he had come to blows with the state's blood-thirsty orange

boys enough times to know that these mechanized, perverted coppers always won, if not by brawn, and certainly not by brain, then most definitely by scio-politics.

"Yes, dearie," the larger of the two answered, while his right hand crunched the prisoner's neckbone. "But you don't belong here, and I don't, in Noone's name, know how many times we've told you that." The man squirmed and writhed under their painful grip and tears started to well up in his eyes. Darnell watched silently, aware that the orange-boys, those obnoxious apes, weren't aware of his existence—either that or that they didn't care, and he alertly hoped for a chance to escape from these degenerates.

"Now, we're taking you to the Ministry of Men, where you belong," the taller one went on, winking at his shorter, stocky counterpart. While they struggled with their heated prisoner Darnell saw his opportunity to slip by and did so just in time to see the vacuum bubble close behind him that sent the lift whirling 46 floors down.

"This sick, mad world," he said softly, lest the phomecs that were planted in the walls and ceilings pick up his simple sentence of heresy, and Darnell proceeded anxiously toward his desired room. The sign at the end of the long, barren corridor gleamed out at him like a set of shiny, plastic teeth: PROSTITUTE CORPS #1758. He shuddered as he knocked on the door. Only a half hour, he thought bitterly, and half of it was almost gone now.

The door swung open, and a beautiful, curvaceous blonde in a sheer shorty negligee stood back to let him enter. As many times as Darnell had been there, as well as he knew this place like his own home, her perfume, her sensuality had never ceased to overwhelm and freshly surprise him. He kicked the door shut and they flew in each other's arms. He felt her burning breasts through his synthofelt shirt and ran his fingers down her soft, lithe back. Their mouths hungrily found one another's and they greedily sought comfort and satisfaction in each other's arms, the short-lived comfort from the organized chaos outside.

Afterwards, while they were lying on the Synthocot bed, neatly suspended in space for a roomier effect, Darnell spoke of his plan. "Darling," he began, "I just can't go on like this anymore. Once a week for a half an hour, and our dangerous secret meetings." He waved his arms wildly about, as if to stress the importance of finding a solution. "It's driving me crazy!!" Darnell paused,

mulled over the now dirty, outmoded words he wanted to say to her. Then he shouted, "I love you Mia-Yvette."

Mia-Yvette looked up at him from where she was cradled in his arms with a horrified expression, but that soon melted into one of sheer love, of painful happiness. "I love you too," she began slowly, "but how strange it sounds to say those forbidden words, Darnell."

Darnell jumped up from the bed, onto the founpley carpet and faced her squarely, hovering over the still suspended bed. "Yes, forbidden *this*, forbidden *that*," he spat vehemently. Mia-Yvette shuddered, sat upright against her pillows. He seemed to read her thoughts. "You've never seen me like this, have you?" She nodded, too confused to voice her thoughts. He noted how her golden hair hung loosely, temptingly over her small shoulders. "Sex is forbidden, everything is forbidden—I mean this kind of sex, of love, Mia—the normal kind," he shouted. "Everything, except to exist as a zombie in this sick world. And I'm fed up with it. In God's name, Mia, I want to take you away from here." He turned abruptly, pressed a wall button that lowered her bed to the floor gently, and his eyes, now great flames of fire, pleaded with her own. He held her hands tightly in his.

"Darnell, you've never mentioned this before—I mean running away—I know how discontent we've both been, but—" Darnell silenced her words with his full lips and they embraced feverishly.

"Mia-Yvette, time's running out . . . I have to get back to the Ministry of Devised Infertility or I'll lose my post, and my job's important for our plans. Now listen carefully."

She settled back on her fluffed pillows and listened intently as he explained of a partition between Germany and France he had heard about—called To-pania, a sort of refuge for so-called traitors. Her deep sea-blue eyes opened widely as she listened to his stories of how people are free to love as they please, to have children, not chemo-seeds, to have a family life.

"And to have freedom, freedom!!" he concluded, savoring the last spoken word. "I contacted the right person who will get us past the underground through a private shuttle, and we can take an air-vent from there—be there in no time, Mia." His excitement rushed color into his already sunburned cheeks.

"But how do you know who to trust, or if it's all true, and everything?" she asked him in her childlike manner. He could see the fear creeping into her



eyes as she went on. "You know what they do to heretics." Her voice trailed off, and Darnell couldn't control a visible shudder that attacked his body for a split second like the sharp point of a knife.

He clasped her soft, pink hands in his strong fingers. "Darling," he pleaded, searching her face. "I'm tired, sick and tired of the facade of 'love your fellow man—man love man' bit. I want to love you . . . And," he added, defensively, "I think that I'm normal and that they're nuts!" She nodded, knowing full well what her lover meant, realizing how much he fought the perversion, yet how he had to go along with the rest of them once in a while—just once in a while, to remain alive . . .

"Oh, this damn, overpopulated, rotten earth," she agreed with him, the tears flowing freely, unashamedly down her smooth, pink cheeks from her long, velvety lashes. Her fears were dispelled,

at least for the time being. Darnell's strength seemed to pour into her by their contact. She nodded while he softly kissed her face. "When, Darnell . . . and how? What do we have to do?"

Darnell got up from the bed, his eyebrows knit, his mind deep in thought. He began pacing the room. "It's simple, my love. On your next non-sexual diversion ticket, go to the Dome Movie House. I'll meet you at the entrance of the rear alley at the beginning of the second main Propoganfilm. I'll have clothes ready for you to change into there, clothes from my assistants of siccmissionaries.

Mia-Yvette looked puzzled. "But how will we find your contact, darling?"

"Simple," he explained, somewhat impatiently, as he noted his telewatch chiming the exact time, as if reprimanding him for being late as it was. "I must run. The Imperial Dragon will have my hide if I'm late once more." Darnell

started toward the door, Mia-Yvette running after him. He turned to her, saw the same puzzled look lingering on her face. "I'll take care of everything, sweetheart. Don't worry. From the Dome, we'll go to the underpass where our guide will be waiting—waiting to take us to our longed-for paradise!" he exclaimed, and with that, Darnell took her full, youthful breasts in his hands, felt her radiant warmth through the creamy negligee, and kissed her nipples tenderly. Their eyes met, and in that quick exchange of glances, a stronger bond seemed to tie them together even more, Darnell thought, as he raced out of her room.

The shaft was suspended, waiting to take him down to the first ramp, where he swung out of the building and down the street, trying to hail a taxifoat to take him to the 15th Division, his Ministry of Devised Infertility.

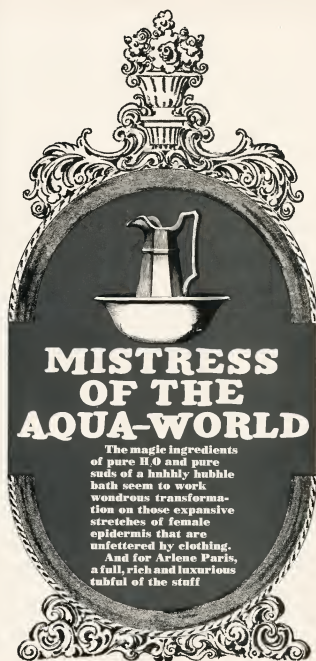
Upon his arrival, Darnell ran headlong into his old friend, Major Spoonfed, of the 14th Division of the Ministry of Male Superiority Propaganda.

"There you are, dearie," Spoonfed lisped, curling his finger in a naughty way towards Darnell, and rolling the whites of his bead-like eyes, "Where have you been? I thought you might have forgotten about our meeting this aft. And Douglas does so want to see you again!" He slipped his arm around Darnell's broad shoulder. Both men were about the same height, but it seemed to Darnell that the Major was able to look down into his eyes. Darnell felt confused, a bit squeamish, and even submissive, so that he did not, for some reason that confused him, immediately pull away from Spoonfed. Then his thoughts roamed back to his afternoon ration affair with Mia-Yvette, and he broke out in a cold sweat, beads of perspiration lining his forehead. He suddenly felt repulsed and broke away from his friend's embrace. The latter looked hurt, and made a point of telling Darnell his sentiments.

"Well," he said, rather icily, "Are you mad at me or something?" He gave Darnell the once over, and his look softened. "You never did that before, now did you?" he asked softly, his lips close to Darnell's ear.

The chimes on his telewatch beamed out at him again, and Darnell thanked Noone for having an excuse to run from Spoonfed. He laughed and backed away. "I hate to run, but Noone forbid, I'll be late again. You know the Imperial Dragon," Darnell concluded brightly, pushing the lighted picture of their Esteemed on his telewatch in the ad-

Continued on page 46



MISTRESS OF THE AQUA-WORLD

The magic ingredients
of pure H₂O and pure
suds of a bubbly bubble
bath seem to work
wondrous transformation
on those expansive
stretches of female
epidermis that are
unfettered by clothing.
And for Arlene Paris,
a full, rich and luxurious
tubful of the stuff

She's a carefree water nymph, a symbol of the sea





proves most gratifying. Arlene is a stickler for cleanliness . . . she firmly believes in taking no less than three baths a day, and prefers spending her entire day lounging in the absorbing rays of the sun, then soaking in her cool, refreshing bath. She may keep her beaux waiting a bit while she applies the soft fragrance of her perfumes, colognes and powders to her already fragrant curves, but she consoles those special few by allowing them to draw her bath and other such privileges. Arlene





feels that letting her dates take part in her preparation for the evening makes the time go faster, and makes them feel more useful.

And then — out of the tub. Comes the drying

process, an eye-filling spectacle, especially in the afternoon, when she extends herself skyward, lets the sun's rays soak up the glistening drops of moisture.

Arlene is composed of a variety of beautifully structured elements, all interacting, all contributing to an integrated whole. In her empty yard, away from the prying eyes of a







curiosity-seeking civilization, Arlene is likely to shed her clothing and lay naked on the soft, moist grass with carefree abandon. She is a free and restless creature, though far from simple; her complex needs can only be answered by a man whose emotional range can perceive the passion that seethes beneath a tranquil surface. . . . The passion, the love that calls out to the sun from every pore of her luxurious body.

Arlene's love is water in all forms. . . . And along the tide-swept restless shores of the Pacific Ocean, life is free and simple and far from static. That's why the ocean is one of Arlene's favorite places, for it epitomizes the philosophy she's embraced all her life.





After basking in the delightful heat of the sun, Arlene is wont to plunge headlong into the dark waters, only to emerge moments later, like some lovely, legendary mermaid with a full complement of well-shaped limbs. The few times that Arlene is able to fully enjoy her romps at the ocean, she becomes a carefree water nymph that symbolizes the sea and holds the sea as her symbol. She and the sea (and the bathtub) are one...





Billy Marshall has gone through her young life with a drastically visible handicap: she has a boy's name. It seems her parents wanted a boy, and when it was clear that their wish had not come true, they decided to give this kittenish all-woman the

boyish all-male name that has stuck with her throughout the formative and informative years. Consequently, Billy has had to persevere in an effort to overcome the stigma.

A kittenish coquette with bountiful assets (36-23-34), her

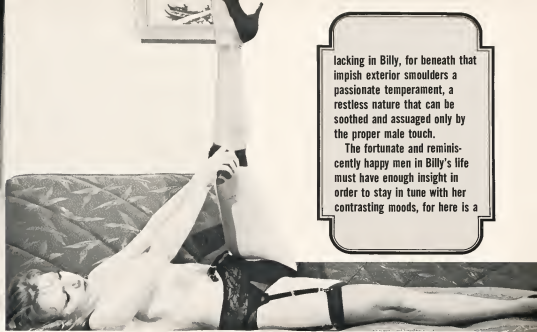
efforts have been an overwhelming success. Today, she's every inch the woman by any measure, yet she still retains the playful, boyish instincts she acquired as a child. Do not think for one moment that this implies that the feminine traits are

Ironically given a boy's name, she's spent a lifetime making up for it

ALL- WOMAN



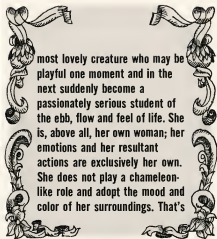
TOMBOY



lacking in Billy, for beneath that impish exterior smoulders a passionate temperament, a restless nature that can be soothed and assuaged only by the proper male touch.

The fortunate and reminiscently happy men in Billy's life must have enough insight in order to stay in tune with her contrasting moods, for here is a





most lovely creature who may be playful one moment and in the next suddenly become a passionately serious student of the ebb, flow and feel of life. She is, above all, her own woman; her emotions and her resultant actions are exclusively her own. She does not play a chameleon-like role and adopt the mood and color of her surroundings. That's







where the man's task enters the picture, to assimilate the spectrum of vibrations she sends out, then to carefully adjust his own mood to hers.

If this all seems like a cumbersome and too difficult route to follow to simply win the heart of our lady fair, believe us

when we tell you that it's worth the effort.

An emotional harmony with Billy reaps great and illustrious rewards.

And you needn't worry about that facade of hers — the boy's name, that tomboy manner — it's all a front!





by JAKE LEE

Soma say it's the age of indiscretion. Possibly. Others say that Tom Jones did it. And still another school of thought—right or wrong—insists that, whatever the trend of fickle fashion, you just can't keep a good woman's down.

Whatever the cause, the people who build the booby traps for the millions of our sagging lovelies, never had it so solvently. And things are looking up. The brassiere business—the REAL show biz—is getting bigger and bigger. Obviously to keep up with the product it pampers.

Plunging necklines aren't new. The view of the female bosom has been going from good to better for 100 these centuries. This splendid innovation among our young Guemseys—er—girls has long made Peeping Tomism a spectator sport, rather than a crime. But only in the past few months have the designers of Paris and the U.S. officially made the décolleté neckline an "in" thing again. Happily, generation by generation, boobies become greatly in demand.

That's where TOM JONES comes in. When this great, bewdy flicker attracted large audiences to theatres all over the U.S., its big, full-bosomed ladies emphasized the fact that something wonderful—the great American bosom—had slipped tamperingly from the scene. And that's where the plunging neckline comes in. While this effective eyefiller has been around a long time, it has been usually limited to those fair ladies who could afford to put up a stylish front for cocktail or evening wear in the better watering places. Now, say fashion designers, licking the lips in anticipation, daytime fashions as well as the daring after-dark models will exhibit bare feminine beauties down, down to there!

Whatever the shape of the fashionable bosom may be—or not be—the booby trap makers are ready. Brassiere making is a relatively new trade. Not as old, say, as the Declaration of Independence

but it's a show business that has come into its own with a vengeance since the 1920s. The flat-chested flappers were supposedly sexy, at least according to the fond memories of those bad old bootleg days but they looked approximately as desirable as a roll of carpet. But this anti-bosom movement actually was responsible for the term "bressiare."

History indicates that an ancient uplift was used by Egyptian ladies to keep things looking up. Puritan females, anxious to win a man to keep them warm during the long, chill New England winter, resorted to an effair made of cloth bands to make their boobies shape up for the appraisal of Puritan males. "I say, Caleb, look at THOSE!"

It has been said that women stole the idea of those gay deceivers, "falsies," from English dandies of the late 18th century. The gentlemen were wont to pad their calves to a more manly contour in a day when the shape of men's legs counted for much more than they do today. La de da. The ladies put the padding upstairs where it really counted.

That simple device known as a "debevoise," a term that persisted almost to World War I, was invented in the 1800s by Charles Lebevoise. His invention was a light breast support which included a couple of straps crossed at the back and tied in front. Excelsior! The name of this noble harness fell into disuse when socielite do-gooder Caresse Crosby came along with a confining contraption that was designed to FLATTEN the bosom, not emphyll it. The most negative thing to hit the female since the original big apple of Eden was called a brassiere—from the French for a child's undershirt—of all things.

But although its deflecting effect has long since disappeared from the mammary scene, the name is the same. The purpose, however, is far from singular. Today, a brassiere seems—if you only run an eye over the advertisements—es formidable a weapon es

The Wonderful World of BOOBY TRAPS

Things are looking up in America's booming brassiere business

the bomb. Fashion, form, make, mold, glamorize, gather up, push, point, emphasize, enlarge (one fair lady in eight wants to look bigger than she really is), push IN from here! push UP from here!—but you get the picture. If a girl has a problem, simply consult the friendly tit-fitter. What psychiatrist would quibble with that superb logic? So when a young lady feels slightly inferior in the boob department, she should ignore the headshrinker and his couch and head instead for the brassiere counter. Think big is the motto. Usually. Sometimes shrinkage is the task.

No matter what the breast problem may be — small or large, minute to pendulous, only one, or three or four of the things—the brassiere maker has the solution. On the subject of girls with more mammaries than their allotted number, there's the tale of the young lady with three, two where they should be and the third on her back between her shoulder blades. "It looked a little strange," mused one escort happily, "but she sure was a great dance partner."

For a look at a typical brassiere works—an example of an industry that truly made America great—let us choose Maidenform, one of the better known molders of our pliable youth—and not so youth. "I DREAMED I BENT OVER BACKWARDS TO BE POPULAR IN MY MAIDENFORM BRA." Sound familiar? It should. The company enjoys yearly sales around \$700 million, a lot of booty traps. And the highly original ads sold the goods. How they sold the goods.

The firm-up firm has more than 3,000 people on the payroll and this figure includes around a dozen designers who are constantly dabbling in new designs for brassieres to come. There are "more than half a dozen" factories—from Bayonne, New Jersey to West Virginia, plus manufacturing contractors in Puerto Rico. The hub of the Maidenform empire

is at Bayonne where things—things really hum. The hunks of bras are made here, then transported to other plants where they are stitched into the final product. Talk about supply and demand! The Maidenform manufactory in Princeton, West Virginia can assemble as many as 12,000 bras daily. Once the brassieres are put together, they are sent back to the main boobatorium at Bayonne for an eye-popping inspection, packaging, and shipping.

What kind of goodies do they make? Name it. Regular, strapless, haltered, jazzed up with whisoers of lace, equipped with niceties such as air vents or sternly utilitarian, the boobie traps come in a variety of materials. Dacron, Dacron blended with cotton, many nylon combinations, acetate satin, and cotton broadcloth are some of the fabrics that guard our feminine hidden treasures with such splendid efficiency.

As for colors, brassieres do come in an eye-blurring spec-



trum of colors but the most popular is—you'll never guess!—plain, old everyday, ordinary white. Why? That's the color that the ladies like, probably because of its virginal connotations. White = innocence. Many men dig black undergarments for their loves, possibly due to that French QO-LA-LA bit stressing the devilish

sexiness of black lingerie. But white is right and so white is the color that the busty girls in the ads do their dreaming in.

The Maidenform ads are undoubtedly the most effective brassiere advertising ever devised by the nimble mind of man—the Madison Avenue man, to be specific. The I DREAMED campaign has been going on now for several years and, although the familiar old line — I DREAMED I DID THIS OR THAT IN MY MAIDENFORM BRA—still sells the merchan-



dise at a great rate, brassiere ad readers deserve a change. Sure enough, Maidenform has come up with a new and sexy look in their ads. Undoubtedly due to the competition. Other companies in the brassiere business have come up with forward looking ads of their own that are highly appealing to the male eye—and let's face the facts, men do look long and lovingly at well-filled bra ads.

One company uses an astonishing variety of models who manage to look sexy enough to cause trouble even in a honeymoon cottage. The trend seems to be firmly established, too. Even the average department store newspaper ad plugging brassieres no longer shows the average little woman—34B, a molehill rather than a mountain, is the most solid size—but rather a matronly bosom sported by a slim, young thing. Obviously, there's a reason for thinking so big, so utterly grandiose in the breastworks line. We move

toward the large economy size in all things.

We move, also, toward the day when a female child entering school for the very first time will wear a brassiere to kindergarten if only to "conform." In other words, Mother Dear has been completely brainwashed by the bold—if ridiculous—advertisements of the brassiere makers who tell mother over and over again that if she wants her little girl to shape up, she'd better run right out and buy a Little Wonder Bra for daughter, aged 9.

"Look, Mom, I'm a Teen-form" brags an ad that puts the preteen girl in the busty class of Mom and Big Sister. The model is a girl who appears to be 10 or 11 years old and she is strapped into what the trade refers to as "a beginner bra." The fervent pitch for the little girl market is directed to good old Mom and is calculated to stir up those guilt feelings. "Understanding mothers will give her the physical and emotional support she needs at this time . . . 'understanding' bras, panty girdles and delightful sundry 'intimates' help her meet the challenge of growth . . . beautifully."

This kind of jazz aroused magazine writer Marya Mannes to offer a few logical successors to the beginner bras. "Let us now Think Big," Miss Mannes wrote. "Under the Christmas tree I see, for little girls, these things:

A Tummy Torset, to flatten the rounded contours, Just Like Mommy.

A play kit, How to Catch a Steady, containing a Tooth, a Claw, an engagement ring, and a booklet by Helen Gurley Brown called "Sex and the Single Kid."

A make-up kit for That Natural Look, containing Teeny Turlers (a home permanent) and a flask of Kewpid, the perfume that Makes Boys Dizzy."

Actually, that bit of satire is painfully close to the truth.

A booklet designed for the eyes—and mentality—of the preteen girl is loaded with helpful advice on how to grow up in a hurry.

"UNDERCOVER STUFF. The right bra can 'make' your figure. The right fit is **IMPORTANT.** Doctors agree that the delicate glands and tissues of the developing breasts need **PROPER** support.

HOW TO MEASURE. Run a tape measure above bust, as high under the arms as possible. Next, measure over the fullest part of your bust. If this measurement is the same as the first, you need an AA cup. If it's less, you'll need an AAA cup. If it's an inch MORE, your cup size is 'A'. If it's 2 inches more, you'll need a 'B' cup.

HOW TO PUT ON A BRA. Slip straps over shoulders, lean forward, let breasts fit into cups, fasten bra, adjust straps until they feel comfortable. **VARIETY.** Every girl needs a bra wardrobe. Basic cottons for school, embroidered for dress-up, a special one for sweaters . . . and a 6-way bra adaptable to every neckline. And on and on. This slanted at a market of 9-year-olds up. Pretty incredible — unless, of course you are in the booming business of building a better brassiere for the hangover of the times. Or even the hangovers-to-be.

Another message for the Pepsi Generation—junior girdle is intriguingly titled "What Every Young Woman Should Know." She should know, apparently, " . . . that slender beauty begins with a **Lovable** underfashion.

. . . that easy-care Lovables are carefully contoured.

. . . that they will flatter (not unnaturally accentuate) the beginning figure.

. . . that teenagers continue to prefer **Lovable . . .** "Yes, Virginia, there'll always be an ed writer. And a teeny weeny bra maker.

Three children are shown in one typical advertisement. The prose extolling the wonders of these underfashions is as modest as the dimensions of the little girls it strives to brainwash. Examples, anyone?

Above: "little ringlet" . . . all cotton batista, whirlpool-stitched cups.

Below: easy pull-on garter belt, smooth shaping. Adjustable garters.

Above: "seam-free" . . . smooth all-nylon cups. Band end sides of cotton.

Below: "exband" . . . spandex stretch front, embroidered cotton cups.

Above: "lacy 'n-lovely" . . . utterly feminine for all young lovelies — foam-lined acetate and nylon polished cotton cups covered with frothy nylon lace.

Bre: AA cups, 30-34; A cup, 30-36 . . . \$1.50

Garter Belt: one size fits all . . . \$1.00

One of the formidable problems of our time—apart from making 9-year-olds brassiere conscious—is to make mountains out of molehills. For those lovelies that have been slighted by Mother Nature, that good old Yankee ingenuity provides a solution or two, left and right. Thumbing through any of the fashion mags will make any man an expert on phoney breastworks in less time than it takes to slowly, distinctly say: "A perfect 38."

"DEFINITELY YOURS (today's bras have names more seductive than the powerful perfumes that litter the cosmetic counters) Makes **Mom Of You!** trumpets one advertisement.

1. The ingenious use of padded Wizard Wires eliminates all shoulder strap strain and provides youthful separation; lifts and molds you with complete security and comfort.

2. The continuous stitch Whirlpool cups retain original shape through countless washings.

3. Adjustable, forked strap assists in fine fit of cups. Impeccable quality inside and out! White cotton broadcloth.

D cup 32-46, \$5.00 (Obviously, well-endowed woman pay for their excesses.)

A cup 32-36

B cup 32-36

C cup 32-36 \$3.95

A catalog that caters to the

Hollywood set lists an assortment of booby traps that do everything except salute the colors, every hour, on the hour. Here, **liti** technology reigns supreme, foam rubber rides again!

"**PAD IT!**" screams the big, pink headline. Why not? Abundance, of sorts, is a virtue, of sorts. "Don't touch," she said, quiveringly.

CURVE CAPTURE: Famous-for-fit bras has stitched cup. Padding of NEW foam material that resists heat, light, water, sun and oil. Wears almost forever . . . washes in hot water! Black or White. Sizes 32 to 36A, B or C cup \$3.50

ELASTI-LIFT: Hera's cleavage, separation, comfort — all in one! The secret? Elastic back **bra-e-t-h-e-s**, elastic under cup **LIFTS**, elastic between cups separates end cleaves. Padded, 3 section cotton cup insures extra cuddlasoma line. White. Sizes 32 to 36A or 32 to 38B and C cup. \$3.99

"Put a gleam in **his eye!**" advises the advertisements. Blow up your things — in other words. Huff and puff and like that and have a genuine inflatable bosom. "Looks natural and is foolproof" and who could ask for anything more? So little ladies can be big ladies if their wind matches the dream size. And the whole scene may actually be improved by inflatable brassieres. There's a feel about the pneumatic bosoms that is infinitely more life-like than that of foam rubber end that sort of stuff.

AIR-FLITE: Inflate this bra to the size you'd like to be! Dramatically pointed design in cotton divides and accentuates bust. Elastic mid-riff band, low back, miracle non-roll shoulder straps, inflatable pads. White. Sizes 32 to 36A or B cup. \$3.95

BELLE-AIR: Have fun — pick your bust size, end blow up this cute curve-maker to just the look you like. Elastic back, underwiring prevent skidding. Nylon lace and satin. Black, White. Sizes 32 to 36A and B cup. \$6.95

EXPANDARE: Be the size you wish today — this clever, little - femme - fatale helper

blows up to your desired fullness! In dainty nylon sheer over lace. White. Sizes 32 to 36A and B cup. \$5.00

But there are other ways to put up a false front. For the girls who are not blowhards, who don't have a tire pump to their name—and after all, you can't wheel down to the corner service station just to blow up your brassiere! — there are additional methods of stuffing that which Mother Nature forgot to stuff.

PUSH UP: Light shell 5/8 pad with push-up padded lift to give you true beauty. Waterproof foam plastic. B cup. One Set \$2.50

HOLLYWOOD PUSH-UP: Nylon crepe bras push-up foam rubber pads in lower half of cup. You show true sheer net upper half. Gives hi-rise cleavage. Lacy daisy trim. Radiant stitched cup. White or Black. Sizes 32 to 36A or B cup. \$5

HIDDEN MAGIC: Sew tabs into your dresses, and snap in. Nylon jersey covered in-snap out—flattering round-light weight plastic foam help you fill out fitted clothes. White, Black, A, B, C cup. \$3.99

Believe it or not—and sometimes it's hard to swallow — there are women with way, way too much bosom. This condition is invariably difficult for man in the audience to undarst and. Or accept. Too much? Why, they just couldn't grow them **THAT** way! But according to the ladies who have to tote the things around — sometimes the burden gets sooooo hard to bear. And the brassiere makers, humanitarians that they are, have a solution, of course, of course.

"Now in D Cup Sizes!" And that's a load off many feminine shoulders. One catalog that specializes in high-styied leotards for woman's not-so-secret weapons—left and right —pictures the slightly incredible Juna Wilkinson using the weight lifting equipment. Miss Wilkinson is the forthright answer to those who complain that the English never pay us off—war debts and the like. **THEY** obviously have never glimpsed the great charms — two bundles from Britain — of

the very splendid Miss Wilkin-son, an import from Great Britain. Some of the great sus-penders beneath the breathe-deep photo of our Junie sound as uplifting as the Golden Gate bridge. Close thy eyes, let a friend read the deathless prose, think, think upon the bigger things of life.

ALMOST SINFUL: Sheer witchcraft in cotton, exquisitely designed! Gentle underwire and leno-elastic sides and back, mold and hold bust in firm, youthful uplift. Front hooking! Removable straps. Bridal Gown White or Can Can Black. 32 to 36A, 32 to 38B or C cup. \$5.99

HOLLYWOOD PROFILE: Magic "In-Up" angle pad pushes bust up and in for that youth-ful look. New inner circle shell pad can never lose its shape or your money back! Fine Nylon leno-elastic. Slipper satin lower bust, exquisitely stitched Nylon above. Petal White or Midnight Black. Sizes 32 to 34AA, 32 to 36A, 32 to 38B or C cup. \$5.99 — 32 to 38D \$6.99

And now to America's REAL fallen women, the ladies whose charms have slipped alarm-ingly, those lovelies whose breasts are charitably de-scribed in official titles as "pendulous" — "downward in-clined, drooping." Another way of detailing a double feature that flopped. But the pendu-losity all around us is not a joking matter. Admittedly, the big, big-breasted females do have a couple of weighty prob-lems to contend with.

Forget the mouse traps, oh you stalwart captains of indus-try! Concentrate, instead, on booby traps. There's a field that an enterprising manufac-turer can get his teeth into, especially building the bras-sieres that give support—moral and physical—to those out-of-tune organs. It requires a unique contraption to boost mammoth mammaries up, up, up where they rightfully be-long. It takes a bra that is en-gineered painstakingly, right down to the last stitch; a bra that is built as stoutly as a sailor's hammock. A booby trap capable of supporting and shaping the giant things all

around us must be made sturdy enough to absorb the stresses and strains that would split an ordinary run-of-the-tit brassiere from stem to stern, from . . . "Ooooooohs! Here, now, stand back there! Keep the kids away. No, they are NOT old enough to look!" But, happily, accidents seldom hap-pen to the great brassieres of our time. Again — Yankee ingenuity, Yankee ingenuity.

But back to the real things. Did you know that — or so an advertisement slanted at the owner of an almost-uncontrol-lable bosom claims — "Full Bosomed Women Can Enjoy Relief From Shoulder Strap Strain with Surprise Bra!" It's the truth. "Scientifically Built-Up Plus-Lined Shoulders in-sure the utmost comfort and freedom in this superbly made Long Line Bra. Oefty trims the midriff, gives youthful, slimmer bosom profile, distinct separation. Enjoy," the ad con-cludes, "new comfort — new figure beauty in Suprise Bra. In fine white cotton broad-cloth. Sizes 38 to 50D cup — \$6.95." And 50D is a great deal of figure beauty, bra or no bra.

There are, then, brassieres for the very young, brassieres for those big mothers with a big problem. But how about the normal girl? Actually, the largest share of the extensive booby trap trade is directed at this modestly busted fe-male who obviously pores over the bra advertisements with checkbook at the ready. Bra sales, always brisk, have be-come bigger and better in re-cent months announce the financial pundits. Breasts are not getting out of hand, how-ever. It's just the gimmicks that the girls are buying for their treasured chests.

Bra makers have been beat-ing the skins for years extol-ling the quality of their wares—great elastic, thread that just won't quit, straps that never let you down, crazy stitching, wild fabrics, colors that are too much — but finally, the su-perlatives began to pall. Women wanted more than simply promises, promises, sales talk, and double your money back if the booby trap fails in the

line of double duty. So the people back in the great boo-batoriums started to turn out feminine audience—and THEIR audience as well.

Something described as a "sleep bra" is currently very big in the market. Who needs it? Apparently a lot of ladies. It isn't much, really — just a light, lacy hammock for the girls to hang out in when they take five — but the line forms to the right. And the left.

"ALL-NEW, ALL-GLAMOR-OUS SLEEP BRA," whispers one ad drowsily, "its daintiness can be in soft, soft stretch lace of Helanca nylon! Pro-vides gentlest all-over support, so you sleep or relax in com-plete ease. Can be worn under your nightgown or with sleep shorts. Equally wonderful for complete comfort with casual fashions. Front-hook fastener, supple elastic band . . . zzzzz." And so to sleep-sleep.

There are other gimmicks galore in the booby trap busi-ness—as any bust buff knows. One of the biggest and the best is also one of the most recent and that gimmick is — you guessed it! — no bra. The man who invented the titty wonder, the topless bathing suit, is back again. He is obvi-ously no flash in the pan — as they say. "Rudi Gernreich and Exquisite Form," shouts a re-cent newspaper ad covering almost a full page, "bring you the nearly nude No Bra!" Sound like a ball? It should. "Whisper weight transparent nylon tricot, caressingly com-fortable." Whoooooooweeeee! "The feminine, natural look — smooth, unrestricted and with-out bulk." The colors? Nude or black. Orive on.

This trend toward bras that are not bras at all, but only transparent coverings for the female breasts, is not to be taken lightly. Obviously, the new look in breasts — and other things as well — is the nude look. The ad writers are having a field day describing the goodies that await the lucky girl who sashays right down to the brassiere store and grabs something thin enough to let the light in. "Es-sentially bare . . . powder buff . . . a study in nature — your

most important underwear meaning underwear) asset. Body Sock-o . . . Body Sock-o, B cup, 32-34-36, \$12.50!" A Body-Sock-o, for the unin-formed, is a wispy, little crea-tion with a cut-out or two here, a slash there, enough peek-a-boo ports to almost cover the female form from top to bottom — from breasts to crotch.

And if a snug undergarment can't be transparent, the next best solution is to make it look like it was. Listen. Look. "es-sentially bare (obviously a fa-vorite line) . . . new nude-tral . . . flattering as a blush, it blends with your natural color-ing like a second skin," boasts an ad for a bra and long leg pantie set called, for some reason or another, Room At The Top. Think, think.

But brassieres may come, brassieres may go — but boobies go on forever. And so do the problems relative to America's biggest flops. De-signers get more ingenious, materials get stronger, names get fancier — but the booby trap is still a booby trap.

Any day now — but don't hold your breath — a few mem-bers of the newest minority group, the astronauts, will clump recklessly across the green cheese surface of the moon. (The top-sol is Roquefort, underneath is Camembert). In this age when tech-nology threatens to make the life so good that it hurts, sur-ely some scientist, pottering among his test tubes and live models, can come up with a solution to women's ancient problem—a bosom that obeys all too willingly — the law of gravity.

No more booby traps. Just a simple cream. You know, rub it on, rub it in, and stand back! Instant mammaries, so to speak. Boobies in a bad slump, fallen idols, tired tis-sues—just a little of that mag-ic ingredient right out of the laboratory and—sweet sixteen, all over again. And best of all, few of the drooping girls would have to make a move to apply the magic lotion. The line for the masseurs forms to the right — and the left. Help tame the wayward bust!



According to bountiful Bonnie Leman, the answer is a definite...yes!



Is it true what they say about blondes? And there's lots that they say about blondes.... Then Bonny Leman has got to be the epitome of affirmative answers to that saucy question — the epitome of what comprises the famous blonde mystique.

Now, let us explore the psychodynamics of this sensational crea-



ture called a blonde. She is composed of the same essential body parts as any extraordinary woman, so that physiological factors can be disregarded. The possession of a blonde head of hair seems to speak for itself in the endowment of its owner with a very definite capacity for having fun, for getting much

more out of life. The blonde bombshell, Bonny being the perfect example, tends to be more liberal in her outlook and in her interpretation of fun.



We ask ourselves, at this point — what is the source, the basis of this mental chemistry that beckons the blonde toward the threshold of life, through which she skips and dances blithely, while she savors its sweet



juices, intoxicates herself with its sweet scents, and loves each enjoyable experience to the fullest? The answer, my friends, might well be supplied by the philosophers, the psychologists, the social scientists who specialize in such heady matters. OR, perhaps the answer, the true one we are looking for might be supplied by Bonny herself, who, as we mentioned earlier, symbolized the blonde image.





Bonny is an unsurpassed work of art who seems to have been pieced together from finely tooled component parts. Mathematically speaking, she measures 38-26-36 and

packs 110 pounds into her willowy five-six frame.

Our cute-as-a-hunny Bonny has all the emotional attributes, as well as the physical qualifications, to





measure up as The Blonde. There's nothing better than having fun. Bonny tells us, especially with a gentleman with desires and tendencies similar to her own. Bubbling Bonny is a firm believer in freedom of expression, and is articulate beyond reproach when talking the language of love.... And *that's* her favorite language!



Winsome Winnie has captivated girl-lovers on two continents

MODEL OF PERFECTION

In the highly competitive world of modeling, especially in the international circles, it takes a set of outstanding natural attributes to keep a girl constantly in the public eye. Winny Frickers, a native of London, is not only in the public eye as a famous model, but finds herself the target of the male eye wherever she happens to be on the boulevards of the Continent.

Winny's widespread fame and vast eye-appeal are due to the obvious, as a cursory glance at the pictorial display of her more-than-abundant charms do reveal. (A closer look at her eye-



filling form is recommended and approved, however.) Alluring, willowy Winny divides her modeling time between Paris and

London—a tale of two cities best told with rich and lavish description of Winny's sensual contours and just plain good old sexual appeal emanating there-with. . .

Winny's most noteworthy and



famous work was in Paris, the city more openly preoccupied with the female form than is



London. Her time, as well as her lush figure are constantly in demand, as Winny poses for high fashion layouts or in the buff for Paris' toney men's magazines.

And in London, the city which recently has enjoyed new-found overt sexual liberties, Winny is a much yearned for and sought







after subject for British photographers and those who profess to be British photographers!). It should be noted, however, that her talents are not limited to her sensual performances before the camera. Winny is an expert equestrienne, and takes



long, joyful rides through the rolling hills of greenery outside of London. She is also a dancer of above-average ability (her lithe body is most compatible with the swim, twist – and you name it!), and for arty diversion, Winny strums a mean guitar and occasionally dabbles oils on a canvas.

A whole lot of ultra-femininity in one compact package—that's Winny Frickers, who your editors herewith present as our contribution to Anglo-American relations!







BOUNCING BEAUTY WITH A BRAIN



Just because she's got a brain, don't discount her feminine traits!



You may belong to the group which insists that women are classified...if so, then, you might classify Maureen Baron as an intellectual. But don't make the grave mistake of ruling out any of the usual feminine traits for her just because she was gifted with a brain of extra-large size. As a matter of fact, Mo, as she prefers to be called, has tried all her life, to over-compensate for the fact that she is more intelligent than most people.

The first signs of her genius produced themselves when she was still very young. At the age of five, Mo was reading books normally reserved for fourth graders. By the time she turned eleven, she was graduating grammar school, after having skipped two grades. Then at the age of fifteen she had graduated high school and was ready to enter college.

This accelerated education has proved a handicap to Mo. When asked how her life was, how she adjusted to this genius, she replied: "I was always ahead of myself, two or three years, and consequently I found myself running around with an older crowd and boys demanded that I act according to my grade level, not my chronological age. So I had to grow up fast...mentally, physically and emotionally."

By the age of eighteen, Mo had already graduated college and held several academic honors. It was in college that she truly blossomed as a woman, and a number of fraternities on the Western campus where she attended awarded her countless honors in her specialty of non-academic departments. Mo pursued her studies even after graduation, and in no time earned a Master's degree in ancient and medieval Russian history, then went on to obtain her Ph.D. in Anatomy and Biological Studies.

We might find ourselves asking just what this luscious brain has done with her studies. And in







answer we find that most of her education has come from outside the classrooms, and this learning process has been the more pleasant of the two, she claims.

Of all Mo's pursuits, her favorite is men — which discredits those who would stigmatize her with an intellectual image. She tries exceedingly hard to conceal her huge supply of stored knowledge when she goes out on a date, but oftentimes finds this difficult. Because some men have a tendency to flaunt their intelligence at women, Mo often rebels against this and calls upon her intellectual reserve.

"I don't care for this approach at all," she commented. "And





when I see it coming, I call the conversation to a halt and suggest that we get down to basics. Although this is often shocking to my companion, the initial shock wears off and he gets used to the idea," she says, with a gay toss of her long, black curls.

Getting right down to hare figures, Mo is all woman in that particular department, measuring a heady 36-25-37. Her mental assets are readily forgotten when taking stock of her physical assets, and Maureen, needless to say, is grateful for this. After all, she says, how many men take out a girl for her brains?



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NUDIST
FILM EVER
 PRODUCED!
 YOURS NOW FOR PRIVATE SHOWINGS

Daughter of the Sun!

Introducing Miss Rusty Allen, the most beautiful girl in the world, and dozens of other visions of pulchritude in all their natural beauty!



Here is an Adam and Eve tale of young love and trouble, played out in the lush warmth of a modern, tropical Garden of Eden. See true nature lovers abandon themselves to the untamed joys of real freedom! Available in stunning color and black and white 100-ft. 8mm movies or 35 mm color slides. Never before available for home movie enthusiasts!

DIAMOND FILMS,
 6311 Yucca St., Dept. #1
 Hollywood, California 90028

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send the items checked below. I enclose \$ _____

I am 21 years of age.

- ☐ 100-foot, black and white- \$8
- ☐ 100-foot, 8mm color- \$14
- ☐ 35mm full color slides- \$8
- ☐ Color movie and slides- \$21
- ☐ Package/Black & white movie and color slides- \$15

P.S. Free catalog of unusual nudist films, slides and publications included with order only!



A Place for Lovers.....

Continued From page 17

vancing Major's face. The Major's look of annoyance melted into a glazed reminiscence, and he stopped his approach abruptly. A coy smile played on his full, meaty lips.

"Well then, sweets. I'll see you at the meeting in a zillhour. Cheerio," he called to the already dashing Darnell, who, and he thanked Noone for it again, was almost completely out of earshot of his dear friend, Major Spoonfed.

- 11 -

The following day, Mia-Yvette advised Darnell by note that that evening was to be her next non-sexual ration ticket. They had to work fast, he told her, and he insisted they go on with their arrangement, when Mia-Yvette felt the old fear of the unknown and of the known regiment close in on her. But Darnell's encouragement revived her strength and she finally agreed to meet him that night at the Dome.

"Here, put these on—fast!" he whispered to her, when she approached him, looking both ways in the alley, face pale and drawn in the wan moonlight. She hurriedly changed before him, and Darnell felt the old surge of desire for her well up inside every fiber of his being. As he watched her dress, he marvelled at her not having to wear underwear, regulation or no regulation bust-flattener—the natural thrust of her small, swollen breasts, the luscious curves of her thighs and hips made Darnell all but leap for her then and there. But he controlled himself, thinking of his Utopia with Mia, not far from reach nor reality now.

They scurried down the dark alley, like field rats after prey, ducking here and there, crunched down so as to remain out of sight and sound. Darnell was certain to have turned off his tele-watch, with hopes that the tonlaser ray cut-off was not detected in the Ministry, where activity and synthonic beams worked round the teleclocks. Finally, after delay due to their hiding from armed orange-boys, they reached their destination, hand in hand.

"Come, follow me," the tall, bronzed guard whispered to the couple. He ushered them forward, taking Darnell by the elbow to guide him in the unnatural darkness of the cave. An old

THE PAIN AND THE PLEASURE OF LIFE'S MOST VIOLENT AND BEAUTIFUL SEXUAL EXPERIENCE NATURAL CHILDBIRTH

A film not for the weak.

**An exciting and graphic view of a new life
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The torture—the love—the needs fulfilled.

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INTERNS FILM CO., Dept. 8T

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FILM EVER PRODUCED!
YOURS NOW FOR PRIVATE SHOWINGS

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**THE PICTURE THAT PUTS YOU IN
 THE VIEWER'S SEAT!**

VIRGINIA BELL
 and 21 stunning
 international
 starlets—all
 at their natural
 colorful best!

**BELL,
 BARE
 and
 Beautiful**



Studded with 21 stunning, sunbanned
 starlets and featuring America's man-
 marifric exotic sensation, Virginia (48-
 24-36) Bell. See the Limbo danced in
 all its wild, raw glory plus a dazzlingly
 uninhibited view of the fun and games
 at a nature camp. Available in 100-ft.
 8mm movies, color and black & white
 and 35mm slide sets.

DIAMOND FILMS.

6311 Yucca St., Room BT
 Hollywood, California 90028

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send the films checked below. I enclose

\$_____ I am 21 years of age.

- ☐ 106-foot, black and white: \$8
☐ 106-foot, 8mm color: \$14
☐ 35mm full color slides: \$8
☐ Color movie and slides: \$21
☐ Package Black & white movie and color
 slides: \$15

P.S. Free catalog of unusual nudist films, slides
 and publications included with order only!

cave converted into a shuttle, a mine,
 so old-fashioned, thought Darnell, that
 went even miles further down into the
 mundane depths. The three boarded the
 ship-like car, and Guard Ferret strapped
 both in for the long journey beneath
 the vast whirlwind of chaos and tumult.
 Then he settled himself at the controls,
 and the pilgrimage began.

Darnell stretched as far forward as
 the straps around his middle would
 allow him to, toward his benefactor, in
 the dim light. "Why must we be tied
 down like this, Ferret?" he demanded
 impatiently. "And what is this all about?
 We really don't know what to expect,
 you know," he added.

Ferret cocked his head sideways,
 without taking his eyes off the tracks,
 and laughed a pleasant, deep laugh.

"Patience, patience, friend. You can
 relax now. We have a long ride ahead
 of us, before we reach the air-vent.
 This part of the ride is joggy and I
 shall unite you in due time, but lest
 you knock off-beam some of the con-
 trols, since neither of you are familiar
 with the bumps and grinds, I'd best
 keep you secure for a bit."

The guard's voice sounded so rich,
 so sincere, that Darnell found himself
 relaxing for a time. He reached over
 next to him and took a limp hand in his
 own, and panicking, he shot a glance
 toward Mia-Yvette, but saw that she
 had only fallen asleep during all the
 excitement. Ferret stopped the car with
 a grinding halt and paddled over to
 Darnell. He started to unstrap him.

"I notice she's asleep," he whispered,
 nodding in her direction. "Let her rest."
 He helped Darnell up from his relaxa-
 chair, and turned off the antivibrator
 which had helped to cut off the shock-
 ing jogs from that part of the trip. He
 led Darnell, still unaccustomed to the
 dark, to the cockpit of the car, and
 settled him in a chair next to his own.
 Ferret then gracefully swung himself
 around Darnell and just as adeptly,
 eased himself in his chair once again.

"Women are so weak," he laughed
 good-naturedly, and tilted his chiseled
 head back toward the sleeping Mia-
 Yvette. Darnell didn't want to, but he
 found himself laughing also. He was
 surprised at the perfect and complete
 faith he had in his guard.

"Now," began Ferret, "I suppose you
 want to know about our Toponia."

Darnell looked up at the handsome
 profile of the driver.

"Our?" he questioned.

"Yes, mine too, Darnell. It is a col-
 ony, a place for lovers, of men who
 never fight, who eat meat instead of
 vitamin cubes and nutrient tablets. It
 is a land of our forefathers where we
 live and do as we please, where igno-
 rance is not bliss, and, needless to tell
 you, where we are ultimately happy."

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"You say men, Ferret. Surely you use this term to speak generally of people," Darnell stated, frowning. "I mean, there are women there, aren't there?"

Ferret shrugged his broad shoulders and placed a powerful but gentle hand on Darnell's knee. "Yes, brother, there are—but few women there—by choice, for we let anyone who seeks refuge go to our colony. But," he continued, before Darnell could interrupt, "men are predominant there."

Darnell caught himself grimacing, yet he still did not attempt to remove his guide's strong hand from his leg. His mind raced back to the world he was leaving, the turmoil he felt he had left long ago, although in reality, he knew it had only been a matter of a couple of hours at the most. He thought of the men desperately striving, neurotically struggling to be accepted in the modern, perverted society—the fast pace, the constant facade, the phyness in one man's efforts to maintain a sincere rapport with other men, and so on.

Ferret, as if reading his companion's mind, assumed the latter.

"It is not all like the land we have just left, where there is a false drive, a necessity—and a void one at that—to

please the government, a fear substantiated by the overpopulation in that world. No, my friend, we please only ourselves, and God."

Darnell shivered at his last word, the word Ferret pronounced emphatically, and drew out, but the shivers were pleasant, like the icy fingers of a new birth—a metamorphosis . . . and in a way it scared him, but it was a delicious fright, and one in which he felt secure, because Ferret, yes Ferret, was right there beside him.

"We are sincere, Darnell. We love our brother man only if we choose to do so, and we are not compelled to do anything we do not so desire. We do not have to impose our love, our friendship upon anyone—we are too sophisticated for that—comfortably sophisticated. Our community is free, and out of its strength, its unity, blossoms a beauty unsurpassed by any form of beauty you may have before known." Ferret's eyes remained straight ahead, and he lifted his head just slightly, as though taken back by his own words, and Darnell noticed an invisible ethereal glow about his guide, a peace of mind, enhanced by his sculpted features.

"I ask you to join me, come with me," Ferret concluded simply, his dark eyes

now gazing deeply into the man's next to him, his fingers digging softly into Darnell's flesh, unoffensively, and yet as if for added emphasis to his already vital words.

Darnell's tanned forehead broke out in its characteristic sweat, that occurred whenever he faced a decision that he never would have dreamed would have affected his life before. How strange, he thought, but it all fits into place now. Every man was eutreated, beckoned to this Utopia, and was ultimately seduced by his individual guide; there were never any complaints heard, no one ever returned, although the choice was seemingly left open to the traveller.

Imagine, Darnell marvelled, the thoughts streaming around in his head. A society of homos . . . And why does it all seem so sensible now, now that I've left that ungodly world . . . Why? And the word "sophisticated" turned over and over in his mind . . . sophisticated, not compelled . . .

But he shifted his gaze away from the searching, probing eyes of his guide, and turned toward Mia-Yvette who was stirring, finally awakening. Posh, he thought as he stared lovingly at her. Why, I love her . . . we're escaping together, and together we shall go, be



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told himself, convincingly. He rushed over to her relaxchair, untied her strapings and swept her up in his arms. Still groggy from her sleep, Mia-Yvette curled up to his touch. He kissed her passionately, clung to her, caressed her. What am I trying to prove to myself, he thought, disgusted. He became excited at the mere touch of her. His passions aroused his male instinct all the more and the two of them locked in a wild embrace.

Suddenly the car came to its final halt. It jerked the couple up to the cockpit, where Darnell fell against Ferret. Their eyes met for what seemed an eternity to Darnell. Then he pulled himself up and somberly walked over to help Mia-Yvette up. He searched her eyes, studied her, taking her all in. He loved her body, but did he love her? She gazed up into his eyes, returned his affection and purred into his ear. He muffled a laugh, an empty, humorless laugh, mixed with irony. "It's all so clear," he said to himself, to the walls, nearly shouting. "I feel actually lightheaded, as if a weight has been lifted from me," he continued. "And I know what I must do, now."

Mia-Yvette became frightened by the suddenly distant and complex look on her beloved's face. He turned to her now as if they had never really gotten to know one another, but were pushed together as two of the few people left in that society with a little feeling, with heart, their own hearts, not the plastic ones they transplanted in the chemoseeds nowadays. Darnell smiled, only a sad smile this time, and he gently held this lost little girl by the shoulders. Looking deeply, transfixedly into her wells of blue, he told her, "I hope you find yourself someday, darling, as I just now have found myself—found my happiness."

He kissed her pale, quivering lips gently.

"Good-bye, Mia-Yvette. Good-bye, my dear little fragile child," he whispered with a tone of wisdom beyond his years. And before she could whimper or come to her senses and grasp the full meaning, Ferret was helping Darnell off the ship-car, onto the ramp that led to the air-vent.

Darnell turned around only once to see the lovely blonde figure clawing the plastic bubble door, the tears distorted, running down her face. He could hear only muffled sobs as the new guide turned the ship around and began the long journey back . . . back to the decaying, sophisticated world above.

And Ferret braced a comforting, promising arm around Darnell as the two statuesque, handsome figures made their way slowly to the air-vent, that would take them to their colony, their home.

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